THE LOST DAYS. I wish I had not gone Back to the little town, With all my wealth of memories, to sad-ly fling them down; That I had no more seen The lazy little street That idles down the hillside where the town and country meet.

I wish I had not gone. To lotter and to look, And miss the boy-time glories in the one-

time singing brook-One day it was so deep; One day it was so wide; One day it held cool shadows where the sunshine went to hide.

I wish I had not traced The roses once again,
And tried to find the redness and the
sweetness they had then;
Nor gone at early morn
To find them silled with dew,

Nor searched them for the honey that the bees and I once knew.

I wish I had not walked The little country lane And hoped to hear the birdsongs with the ling refrain:

That I had not gone out Upon the meadow grass Expecting vagrant clover scent and mint tang as I'd pass.

I wish I had not gone
Back to the little town—
Back to my castles built in Spain, to see
them crumble down;
To fail to hear the songs That rose so gladly then To wake-and never dream that I could

THE DROWNING OF BLACK JACK *************

Yarn of the Sailor's Peculiar Sense of Humor.

EN who do not value the lives of others often value their own high enough. But this rule seldom works the other way.

The reckless daredevil vagabond who butts about the world into all sorts of dangers and acquires a sort of con- of a good story, I am goin' to oblige ye. tempt for the various forms of death he often faces, begins after awhile to of the Southern Cross the trip Black believe that every one else shares his Jack croaked." attitude toward what he considers at the worst only a slight hastening of the inevitable.

Such a man is the average sailor. If half his shipmates are washed overboard in a storm, Jack is depressed for the time being, but a month later, when he reaches port, he is quite apt to give his account of the incident in a humorous vein.

"Ye'd 'a' larfed," he says, in the course of his tale, "if ye'd 'a' seen the way Tim Hogan was a-hangin' on to the end of the topsail brace, like a an' the scuppers was red with blood blessed herrin' hooked on the end of a night an' day. line. Then, when he couldn't hold on no longer, he just gives a tremendous wriggle, like he'd swallowed the bait an' it was tastin' pretty good, an' off he swims like he was lookin' for more an' that was the larst we sees of Bill.' As a matter of fact, Jack did not

laugh at the time of the accident. His comparison of a drowning man clinging to the end of a rope to a hooked spun his yarn.

Time has given him that attitude toward a form of death so common that it may be his any day. When his his ghost survives him it will probably give an account to the other ghosts of its entrance into the spirit world see the joke. in an equally humorous vein.

If you were to consult the log of the American bark Southern Cross about eight years back you would come across an entry like this:

Chief Mate Hardy disappeared in the middle watch. Supposed to have fallen sends me down to leeward into the overboard while examining the log. Such an entry is common in ships

logs, and it might not excite much interest in the average shore-abiding citizen, but in the maritime world there are some to whom it would recall memories of a strange personality -Happy Steve.

How Happy Steve was connected with the drowning of the mate of the Southern Cross will develop later. First of all, let me say a few words of the mate.

I will hide Dick Hardy's identity under his real name; none but a few ship owners know him by that. Let it suffice to say that under an alias something like Black Jack he was known the world over as one of the blackest scoundrels that ever trod a deck.

You could hear tales of his heroic brutalities from Frisco to Calcutta. In his day boarding masters had to drug sailors before they could ship them on the Southern Cross-she was a hard packet. To-day, I believe, she is reckoned one of the most comfortable

in the American merchant marine. I was present when the first authentic account of his death was given out by the one man who knew. This was aboard the old Nicaraguan bark Don Adolfo.

She had aboard a crew of hardy, reckless west coast adventurers, most of whom were on the west coast because it was not particularly healthful for them to be anywhere else. Not that they were really a bad lot, but, as I have already said, they were of that class who had acquired an attitude toward human life not compatible with the laws of more civilized parts. .

Cue of the men was a chap called Happy Steve. It was his optimistic temperament that had given him his name. Come what would, hard weather, topsalls to reef, a leaky ship to pump or, in fine weather, decks to holystone, boats to scour with sand and canvas, Steve always accepted hardships with a jolly smile, while his shipmates looked black and swore.

Steve could swear, too, but he did it in such a humorous way that the foul words on his lips lost their worst significance. Even when he had a growl with the captain it usually ended with the captain's laughing and granting the demand.

Usually an optimist is not a favorite in a ship's forecastle, but Steve could give everything such a humorous turn think I did? Ye'd never guess. that his shipmates would laugh in spite of themselves. During the second

Tron County Register. | dog watch he kept the men in a contin- like a cork helmet I couldn't help won uous roar of laughter with his tales of past exploits.

We had passed the doldrums and were well down into the southeast trades, where the steady breeze made it seldom necessary to pull a rope or to touch a sail. In that respect it was almost like steamboating. Our dog watches were never disturbed, and every man's artistic ability as a storyteller was in full demand.

One evening the conversation turned to hard-case Yankee packets, of ships where men take and give blows with deadly intent. Each man told of the bucko mates he had known, and as almost every one had known Dick Hardy, or Black Jack, he and his mysterious fate became the principal subject for discussion.

"He was a bad 'un," commented Kanaka Joe; "blessed if he weren't." I've known hard-case mates, but most of 'em was on the square in a fight. Black Jack weren't; he was a mucker; he'd hit a man when he was down."

"You bet," agreed another man; "drownin' was too good fer him. He should 'a been hamstrung first, then hung by his arms in the main chains an' then biled in a pot o' tar."

Here each man gave his idea of a fitting end for Black Jack, and some were quite ingenious. That is, all did so except Happy Steve. He only laughed immoderately as each man presented his method.

"Come, Steve," said Kanaka Joe 'how would you have him cooked?" Steve laughed uproariously, while his mates grinned in anticipation of a particularly funny account of an imaginary death for Black Jack. But Steve's laughter increased; his face was red

with suppressed merriment. "Come, Steve," said a cockney sailor encouragingly, "let's 'ave the joke; don't be a-keepin' it all to yerself."

"Why, ye blessed galoots," chortled Steve at last, "I could tell ye a story of Black Jack as would make yer eyes water. Here you chaps is a talkin' of Black Jack, with me here as could tell ye more about him than any man livin'." And Steve shook with keen appreciation of the humor of it.

"Well, why don't you tell us?" suggested the cockney.

"Well," panted Steve, between spasms, "seein' as how I am with a crowd as can appreciate the funny side "Ye see, fellers, I was bos'n's mate

"Well, I be hanged," ejaculated sev eral of the men together. Steve chuckled at the astonishmen

n their faces. "You bet," he continued, "an' I am the boy as can tell ye a few things

about that trip. "We left Liverpool for Frisco with general cargo an' a crowd o' green cockneys aboard as didn't know the spanker boom from a marlin' spike, Naturally, Black Jack piled into 'em before we got clear of Ushant light,

"Well, about five days out we struck a bit of nasty weather, an' one night all hands was up aloft reefin' the fore upper topsail. Black Jack was up there in the bunt lookin' arter the job.

"It so happened as I was next to him, but he didn't know it was me. Well, something happened to rile him, and first thing I knew he landed on my jaw an' nearly sent me down on fish never entered his head until he deck. Fancy him takin' me for a blasted limetuicer.

Steve stopped for a moment to thoroughly enjoy Black Jack's mistake. "Well," he continued, when his

turns comes he will not laugh, but if laughter had subsided, "when we got down I told him as how he had hit me by mistake. But, blast me, he didn't

'Good for ye,' sez he. "Well, naturally, that kind o' riled me, bein' taken for a bloomin' greenhorn, an' I told Black Jack right then as how I'd fix him in Frisco. Upon which he fetches me an upper cut that

scuppers. "Well, things went along that way until we got down into the trades, an' one night a funny idea struck me as l was a-pacin' the deck. Ye remember, Black Jack was bow-legged, an' I was larfin' to myself, wonderin' how he'd look swimmin' with them bow legs.

"Ever see a bow-legged man swim? Funniest thing yet. But Black Jack was the bow-leggedest man ye ever

"That idea stuck to me for a long time, an' whenever I'd think of it, night or day, I'd larf. I was just a-hankerin' to see Black Jack swim with them bow legs o' his a-waggin' behind.

"One night, in the middle watch, the chap at the wheel wanted to be relleved a few minutes, so I went and took the wheel while he went for'd. Black Jack was pacin' the poop slowly, it bein' a sultry night. Pretty soon he goes up to the weather rail and leans agin it, kind o' sleepy.

"Well, fellers, them legs o' his never looked so bowed as they did then. I could already fancy him kickin' them out as he was swimmin'.

"The more I thought, the stronger that idea got. Thinks I to myself, 'here's a man wot makes the world all the worse for bein' in it; why not give

him a boost into a better world?" "An' I thinks o' the easy times wot would come to the poor chaps for'd wot he had lambasted o' every one. An' I thinks o' when he smashed me, too. But, most of all, I wanted to see a bow-legged man swim.

"Say, you fellers don't know what a good larf is till ye see a bow-legged man swim. I've seen it once." Here Steve broke off his narrative

to chuckle over funny memories.
"Well," he resumed, "at larst I couldn't stand it no longer. There was Black Jack a-leanin' over the rail an' there was me dyin' to see him swim. So I steadies the helm pretty good, an' then kicks off my slippers, easy like, so's he couldn't hear.

"An' then I leaves the wheel, softly, an' creeps up to the weather rail, an' so help me, there was Black Jack a-snoozin'! Yessir, sleepin' on his watch. Him as would lam a poor feller from for'd dead for doin' that same thing. Wot yer think o' that?

"He was leanin' over pretty far, holdin' on to a awning stanchion. Wot yer "The canvas draw bucket was layin'

derin' how it would fit Black Jack's pear-shaped head. So I sneaked over

to the skylight an' cut off the rope. "Then I tried it on my head, an' it was jest a trifle too big. But, thinks I, it'll jest fit Black Jack, a tight fit,

too, so's he coudn't get it off. "Back to the weather rail I tip toes until I stands jest in back o' Black Jack. His head was jest in a daisy position, so I carefully raises the draw bucket above it, an' down I plumps it -jest jammed it down tight to his shoulders.

"Well, fellers, ye'd a larfed to see the jump he made, like a chicken with its head cut off, a floppin' his arms like they was wings. Yes, sir, jest like a bloomin' chicken. The simile struck Steve's sense of

moments before he could continue, Even some of his audience laughed with him.

"But that was only for a minute," he continued. "'Fore he could do anything I 'ups with his heels,' as the chap on the Nancy Bell would 'a' said, an' over he went, with the draw bucket stuck fast | an' a-smotherin' his squeals."

The humor of the situation-ghastly bumor, perhaps-so struck all hands, owing more to Steve's manner than to his words, that all burst out into a long guffaw. The idea of Black Jack living to his death with a draw bucket over his head seemed ridiculously funny.

"Well, fellers" said Steve, after he had wiped the tears from his own eyes, 'the ship was goin' a bare three knots, an' the moon was out. I could see the white foam spot where he went down, an' aft I runs to the log line an' watches. "Will ye believe me-but it's true-

all of a sudden I sees that white canvas draw bucket pop up with his two arms a-wavin' on each side o' it. An' there was them bow legs o' his a-waggin' behind, like crabs' nippers. Oh, say, fellers-" Again Steve went off into peals of

merriment. Finally he was able to re-

"Well, boys, I jest leaned over the rail an' larfed fit to bu'st myself. The way he was tryin' to holler through that draw bucket an' couldn't would a' given ye fits if ye'd 'a' heard the way he was a-rippin' up inside.

"I kinder reckon the cuss words he was lettin' out weighed the bucket down an' them, with the iron band, sent him nose down. Larst I see was his two bow legs a-kickin' up in the air, an' then I went back to the wheel. "When the chap came back to relieve me I didn't say nothin', but pretty soon the third mate misses Black Jack, an' as be couldn't find him he goes an' calls the skipper.

"The ol' man comes on deck, and we squares in our yards an' sails back over our course, burnin' blue lights an' shoutin', an' I was shoutin' louder 'an any of 'em, but you bet they didn't see no signs of Black Jack with his head in a draw bucket. "Say, fellers, wot ye suppose old Nick

said when he saw Black Jack comin' with that draw bucket over his head? Blessed if I wouldn't a been willin' to stand the high temperatoor for a few minutes jest to see what happened."

The idea seemed so humorous to Happy Steve that the story ended in a long, loud laugh, interpolated with humorous comments on an imaginary conversation between his Satanic majesty and Black Jack, with the draw bucket presenting difficulties in the way of mutual recognition.

Happy Steve often referred to the murder he had committed, and each laughter.

When we arrived in Australia Happy Steve cleared out for the Swan River gold diggings. Later, we heard that he met his finish there, but he died as he lived-in a humorous way.

He cracked some joke up there that wasn't appreciated by the English miners, and it precipitated a shooting scrape. When the smoke cleared away three of Steve's opponents were stretched out, but he himself had cracked his last joke.

When told that his American humor had not been understood, he chuckled immoderately and then died. This account may not be exactly true, but it was characteristic of him.

Some years later I met a man who had been on the Southern Cross on that same eventful trip, and when I asked him who was bo's'n's mate at the time, he replied:

"Why, a humorous sort o' chap-a feller called Steve White."-N. Y. Sun.

The Traveling Story Teller.

The profession of Hakkawati, or

story teller, is a calling officially recognized in oriental countries, and the fortunate possessor of the necessary gift is sure of a welcome and a livelihood wherever he goes. "It is this man," says an authority on oriental customs, "who beyond all others relieves the monotony of eastern life. I have seen the Arabian Hakkawati seated in the middle of a large crowd, with the firelight throwing a ruddy glow over his mobile features, bringing out clearly their varying expressions, as he warms to his tale. The Arabs have a saying that 'smiles and tears are in the same Khurig,' or wallet, and so well does the real Hakkawati know his business that, hour after hour, he can make his dark-skinned audience shake with laughter or sob

imaginary heroine, or shiver and feel for their daggers, ready to spring to their feet to avenge some dastardly Philadelphia Telegraph. act of cruelty. No 'dime novel' of the western world could be more thrilling than is this legendary fiction of the people of the far east.'

in sympathy with the woes of some

Condensed for Four Days. "There was a good old lawyer of the good old southern type," said President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, recenty, "who had a most eloquent way of pleading. His brief for three days had been a marvel of classical allusion and legal erudition. The judge, however, became a trifle impatient, and, as gently as he could, intimated that the docket was somewhat crowded and it might be to the client's interest if the lawyer could contrive to end his plea. And do you know, the old barrister declares that the last four days of his argument were a marvel of condensa on the skylight, an' it looked so much tion."-N. Y. Tribune.

RUSSIAN EMPEROR'S JOKE.

An Amusing Episode in the Wanderings of Alexander Among the People.

A young protege of Count Nesselrode, a sailor, who did not know the Russian emperor by sight, had been sent with important dispatches to Vienna, where Alexander of Russia was staying. Alexander enjoyed wandering about the streets there as well as in his own capital, and one morning his majesty, dressed in a simple military greatcoat, noticed on leaving the palace a young naval officer apparently trying to find his way, and examining the entrance of the imperial residence, totally at a loss how to set his helm. The story is told in "Anecdotal Recollections of the Conhumor so strongly that it was some gress of Vienna" by Comte de la Garde-Chambonas. "You seem to be looking for some-

thing," said the emperor. "That's true," answered the sailor.

soul either to guide or to introduce me." Alexander was delighted with the and thought he would keep up his incognito a little longer.

"You'll not find the emperor now," he said. "He's not at the palace, but at two

o'clock he is sure to receive you." The conversation went on in the same amicable and familiar tone, the czar interrogating the officer on his family, his career and his prospects. The young service when he was very young, he had never been to court, and had never seen his sovereign.

Finally, after half an hour's walk, Alexander, turning to the young "salt," said in an affectionate tone: "You can give me your letter, sir. I am Alexander.

"That's a clever joke." replied the other, laughingly, "but you don't expect me to believe it.' "You may believe it or not, but I am

the emperor of Russia." "I dare say, just as I am the emperor of China. Alexander, getting thoroughly amused,

decided to continue it. In a short time they reached the fortifications, and Alexander espied the king of Prussia coming toward him.

"Do you speak German?" he asked his companion.

"Not a word," replied the other. Immediately Alexander took a few steps in front of him and spoke a few words in German to Frederick William: then he came back to the young sailor and took him by the hand.

"Here is an excellent opportunity of presenting you to the king of Prussia,' he remarked.

"Sire, an officer of my fleet, whom I have the honor to present to your majesty.

"We are getting on rapidly," said the young fellow. "This gentleman is the king of Prussia, you are the emperor of Russia, and I am the emperor of China. Three sovereigns."

Scarcely had they reached the ramparts when the crowd began to surround the two monarchs with their accustomed marks of deference. M. de Richelieu advanced, hat in hand, and addressed Alexander as "Your majesty." The young officer recognized him at once, and perceived instantly that he had been the victim of a royal mystification. He was, however, soon reassured by the kindly look of Alexander, and he promptly delivered his dispatches to The emperor took them with a hfm. gracious and significant smile, and after inviting the young sailor to dine with him that day, dismissed him most kindly gestures.

HE DROPPED THE SUBJECT.

And After Such a Dig as He Received It Was Not to Be Won-

"Ten thousand do.iars for a dog!" he exclaimed as he looked up from his newspaper. "Do you believe anyone ever paid any such price, Maria?"

"I'm sure I don't know, James," she returned, without stopping her needle work even for a moment, relates the Brooklyn Eagle. "Does the paper say that much was paid?"

"Yes. There's an article on valuable dogs and it speaks of one that sold for \$10,000. I don't berieve it."

"It may be true, James," she said quietly. "Some of these blooded animals bring fancy prices, and there's no particular reason why the paper should lie about it."

"I know that, Maria, but just think of it! Just try to grasp the magnitude of that sum in your weak, feminine mind. You don't seem to realize it. Ten thousand dollars for a dog! Why, hang it, Maria, that's more than I am worth!'

"I know it, Joseph, but some are worth more than others." She went calmly on with her sewing while he fumed and sputtered for a

moment, and then dropped the subject. especially the weak, feminine mind part of it.

Reciprocal Concessions. Mrs. Bumpus-Your plan, as I understand it, is that we shall make mutual concessions - each sacrificing something for the good of the other. Am I right?

Mr. Bumpus-Perfectly.

"Then I will give up eating bonbons." "Good for you, my dear. And now what shall I give up?" "Well, for the present, I guess about \$25 for a new hat will be sufficient.-

Americans in England The American is never called a forsigner by his English kin. Neither the Royal Academy nor the Inns of Court exclude Americans under their rules which disqualify foreigners.

Extravagance. A girl doesn't consider a man extravagant if he spends all he makes on her.-Chicago Daily News. Gets Back Little Change

When a man pays the price of fame he never gets as much change back as he expected. Little Used in France. The typewriter is more largely used

in Mexico than in France. Some men who imagine they were cut HER "CUDDLE ARM."

Little Mother of the Tenements Fel Homesick When It Was Empty.

"Oh, no," said the nurse, walking lown the long corridor with a visitor just leaving the children's ward, "it was only her knee; her arm isn't injured. What made you think it was?" "Why, the odd way she holds it, I suppose," answered the visitor. "Bent all the time, and curled round a gatheredup bunch of coverlet. What makes her do that? I should think she would get cramp.

The nurse smiled queerly, recounts Youth's Companion.

"Yes; it doesn't look altogether comfortable, but she isn't comfortable unless we let her do it. At first we tried to prevent her, and she always changed the position when we told her to, but she would cry quietly to herself. There was no real harm, so at that we surhave a dispatch to remit personally to | rendered and let her have her way, but the emperor of Russia. They told me | for a long while we couldn't find out to go to the Burg, and here I am; but as what made her want to doit; it was such I am a stranger in Vienna, I haven't a a queer whim. She couldn't seem to give any reason, and we thought it was just a stupid little obstinate notion with frank and open face of the young man, no meaning; but at last she got over being shy with us, and then she told. She's 11, you know-only just 11."

The visitor nodded. "Yes-well?" "Well, her reason was because-this is how she put it-it made her more homesick to feel her 'cuddle arm' empty You see, ever since she was big enough to stagger with a baby, there's been a baby for her to carry. She's one of the fellow told him that, having entered the little mothers from the tenements. She's been with us a good many weeks now, and although her mother and father get out here once in awhile to see her, it's too far to walk with the other children, and there are no car fares to spare while the father is out of a job She's friendly enough with the other children of the ward, and she isn't lonely or unhappy; but whenever she lies quiet by herself, or gets a touch of homesickness from being tired or in pain, she misses her little brothers and sisters, and especially the baby-'my baby!' she calls it. Then she pulls the quilt into that little bunch, shuts her eyes, and tries to imagine she has her baby back on her cuddle arm."

The women looked at each other, caught each other blinking tears, and

laughed. "And she ought to be playing with dolls," murmured the visitor, "a child like that! But-give me the address, at any rate. She shall hold the baby in her cuddle arm next visitors' day, if I have to marshal the whole family in

FOND OF FIGHTING.

In Almost Everyone There Is a De sire to Take Part In or Witness a Contest.

We are all fond of fighting. That is we all love to look at a fight and some of us like to be in a fight. But we all love to see one, says the San Francisco Argonaut. There are some superaesthetic and hyper-refined humans of both sexes who think they do not like to see a fight; some of them actually believe they are sincere. But deep down in the average man and woman the love of fight exists. It is ingrained. It is congenital It is in the human baby. When he screams, squalls and kicks if his will is thwarted he is fighting.

So with the same baby when, grown up into a boy, he pulls his little sister's hair. It is partly, perhaps, the love of fighting and partly, perhaps, the love of giving pain, for cruelty also seems to be part of the makeup of the human animal. After little brother has finished pulling little sister's hair and she has dried her eyes she soothes her wounded feeling by pulling off flies' wings and legs or pinching the cat's tail under a rocking chair. Of the higher flights of juvenile cruelty to which her brother rises when he ties two cats together by their tails over a clothes line, where they fight till nothing is left but their tail tips-of these familiar facts we will not

When brother goes to school and then to college-whether it be to the English "public" school or to the American "public school"-resembling each other only in name-to the academy, to the preparatory school, to the university, he speedily becomes past master in cruelty. In most of these institutions he must fight. Hazing exists in every college in the country. Even the United States government cannot stamp it out at West Point and Annapolis. In both these institutions fist fights under prize ring rules are of almost daily occurrence; they are masterful battle and they have not a little to do with making stouthearted, stalwart fighters of our army and navy officers. To those who object to these battles the unanswerable reply is that the boys are there to learn to fight and that the way to learn to fight is to

recently by lightning had the likeness of a fern imprinted on his body by the shock. A similar incident is reported from Europe. During a shooting compeother day, the grand stand was struck by lightning and 25 persons received shocks, from which, however, they sustained but little physical injury. One most singular effect, however, remained. Every person who had felt the electric shock had photographically stamped upon the back, the face or the arms the reflection of the pine trees behind the firing line.

Turning Away Wrath. "I don't believe you love me any more," pouted she.

"I couldn't," replied he. After thinking it over she smiled and told him she could make the same old dress do another season.-Houston

Razors for Hottentots.

Only half the razors imported into

rest is chiefly of German origin. Even the "educated Hottentot" shaves himself now occasionally. Smallpox in United States. During the fiscal year 1903 there were reported in 44 states 42,590 cases of small-

Fabry at 100,000 candles.

pox, with 1,642 deaths, a mortality of Light of the Sun. The illuminating power of the sun at zenith is estimated by M. Charles

THE ASS LADEN WITH SALT AND WITH SPONGE



Find the Man's Wife.

A Man drove his Ass to the seaside, and, having purchased there a load of Salt, proceeded on his way home. In crossing a stream the Ass stumbled and fell. It was some time before he regained his feet; and by that time the Salt had all melted away, and he was delighted to find that he had lost his burden. A little while after that the Ass, when laden with Sponges, had occasion to cross the same stream. Remembering his former good luck, he stumbled this time on purpose, and was surprised to find that his load, so far from disappearing, became many times heavier than before.

MORAL—Our wish to divest ourselves of responsibilities that should rightfully be borne very often reacts upon ourselves, and causes our troubles to increase.

LIGHT OF THE GLOW-WORM.

Various Observations to Be a Fact.

Not only the origin of the glow worm's light, but the use to which it is put, de- to our door on horseback. While he serves study. There are several theo- was talking with my father his horse ries of the purpose for which certain organisms have evolved a light-produc- tempted to bite some twigs of an oleaning power in the mysterious history of der. The man was greatly alarmed life. In some cases it may serve to at- when he saw that the animal had brotract prey, which comes up to inquire ken a stalk, asked for water and into the unusual phenomenon, and remains to furnish dinner; in others it says a New York Sun writer. acts as a protective, frightening away able its possessor who lives in the unlighted depths of the sea to find the tle drank the water and died. way about. The old fashioned advocate was the real cause of the human nose,

of Capt. Mayne Reid to read secret mis-

The light of the glow worm comes under yet another classification. The best contrivances with which so many of the lower creation are endowed by nature, happie, therein than "man, proud man," head-that the light of the fem at Goldsmith, but he was quite right. The glow worm's light, whether hoisted tante. Prof. Emery's observations in of the glow worm is used as a love sig- afterward. nal. The female glow worm, in a mar riageable mood, lights up her lamp like formed a circle around her for her to

choose from. There are worse ways of courtship. if we are to believe a Japanese investigator who published his results six give our own maidens hints in the useful art of choosing a mate. He professed to have ascertained that the light of the Whether any symptoms of the disease able medium, showed the characteristic or ten years I am unable to say. properties of the rays then just discovered by Prof. Roentgen, rays which we can only use through the medium of a for belief that there is some connection fluorescent screen.

In that case, it is clear enough why affections of a more or less malignant the light is always displayed at mating character. time. Appearances are deceptive in all A boy who was killed in the Brona ranks of life, and the power of literally "searching the heart," which the Roentgen rays bestow upon their lucky possessor, must be simply invaluable to those about to marry. Solomon long ago tition at Pont, in the Canton Vaud, the pointed out the value of the ant as a pattern to humanity. Our Japanese friend will be immortal if his discovery teaches the marriageable maiden to imitate the glow worm, and insist that her rival swains shall satisfactorily pass the searching test of the X-rays

> What He Needed. Ascum-Doctor, I heard you tell Mr. Layzee to take a ride in his automobile for an hour each day. Dr. Shrude-Yes.

"Do you really think the riding will do him any good?" "Certainly not; but the three or four hours of work repairing the thing that friend. he's bound to have will help him."-Philadelphia Press.

Not a Hero,

"I'm afwaid my valet hasn't much awe of me, don't you know," remarked South Africa are of British make: the Cholly Gadalong. "Ah, well, they say 'No man is a hero to his valet." "No," replied Kostick, "any man who

would have a valet would naturally seem

more like a heroine."—Catholic Stand-

ard and Times. His Favorite Novels.

Jules Verne declares that among boys' books his favorite is the "Swiss Family Robinson," while among "upgrown" authors Dickens and Scott afford him the most inexhaustible pleasure.

PLANT CAUSE OF CANCER.

It Has Its Uses Appears from The Oleander Said to Be a Prolific Breeder of the Flesh-Devouring Disease.

When I was a child a neighbor rode crowded close to the porch and atwashed the horse's mouth thoroughly,

My father asked the reason of his the assailant, much as a burglar may be anxiety. He said a mouthful of the driven out of the house by judicious twigs would kill the horse almost inhandling of a two-way switch. A more stantly and told of a horse that died in simple reason for its existence, writes severe tremors a few minutes after eat-W. E. Garrett Fisher, in the London ing a few shoots of the plant; also of Mail, is that it serves like the cyclist's a neighbor who pruned her oleander lamp, to illuminate a dark road, or en- plants and threw the branches into a little pond in the barnyard. The cat-

Some year later a playmate was unof "final causes," who argued that snuff der medical treatment for an enlargement of the throat which seemed to would have added that the firefly was threaten goitre. Her house was an endowed with light-giving powers in oleander bower and the blossoms were order to decorate the hair of South her favorite decoration. She sometimes American beauties, or to help the heroes | bit off the stems if they were too long. After months of the most thorough treatment the swelling disappeared.

A young woman who was extremely fond of oleander plants kept a very opinion seems to be that it is one of the large tree in her room. One day in numerous and fantastic match-making midwinter she dug out a portion of the earth and filled in the space with fresh earth from the florist's in order that her favorite might throw out a new who has to trust his tailor. In Gold-smith's delightful account of "Animated" plained of serious irritation of her Nature," the suggestion was hazarded- throat. A few days later the glands probably out of Goldsmith's own poetic below the ear enlarged until they were worm was "an emanation which she a year every remedy known to medical sent forth to allure the male to her com- science was tried. The swelling at last pany." Naturalists of the time laughed | yielded to treatment and she perma-

nently recovered. Another woman transplanted and reby male or female, is as much a sign of potted a large number of oleanders, bepairing time as the song of the nightin- coming wearied with her task. She gale, the gaudy plumage of the cock complained that night of a curious irpheasant, or the court dress of the debu- ritation in her throat. A swelling came in the glands below her ear. All the pleasant meadows that encircle Bo- remedies failed. It became malignant logna show conclusively that the light and caused her death about six months

Within the past year a death from cancer of the face or mouth has oc-Hero of Abydos, and keeps it burning curred in a household where are the until all the suitors within sight have largest and most beautiful oleanders I have ever seen. Yet another case is that of a woman of middle age whose favorite flower was the oleander. She kept all varieties, collecting them from various places as she found new ones. or seven years ago, the glow worm can She had a clearly developed cancer, the doctors assured her, entirely cured. took treatment for years and was, so glow worm, when filtered through a suit- have developed within the last eight

I might give other instances, but these are to my mind sufficient ground between the oleander and glandular

Coffee Plantations. There are 49,000 coffee plantations in the world. The total annual production of coffee amounts to 21,500, 000 bags, of an average weight of 134 pounds each, or 2,881,000,000 pounds. This production represents a total value of more than \$225,000,000 annually from more than 1,800,000,000 coffee trees in full bearing. The land used exceeds 3,600,000 acres. The value of the property is more than \$1,350, 000,000. The industry gives employment to 2,220,000 men, women and

children.

Ahead of the Game. "They may abuse Wall street al. they please," said the Philadelphia man, "but I came out \$700 ahead the last time I was there."

"How did you do it?" asked his "Left the money at home," replied

the wise Quaker.—Chicago Daily News

Although many professional planists allege that they practice for 12 hours daily in view of a public recital, M. Emil Sauer, the famous Austrian musician, declares that four hours of actual playing on the plano in a day are enough

Untimely Deaths.

The annual mortality in the United States is: For railways, one person killed for every 1,052 employes; for coal miners, one person killed for every 744 employes; for seamen in merchant vessels, one person killed for every 133.